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# The Royal Museum

*Sainte-Anne de Beaupré.*

*Alp. Morel, - - Proprietor.*

## TOURISTS and PILGRIMS

**Tourists and pilgrims while in Sainte-Anne should not fail to visit the greatest Wax-Work in the world on permanent exhibition in the Royal Museum, third block to your left from the church, Main Street.**

One of the most wonderful groups is The First Old French Canadian couple who lived in Sainte-Anne de Beaupré two-hundred and fifty years ago, with the antiquities of the place at that time. This couple lived during a century in a little stone house, opposite the old church.

Besides other marvels of art, you see, the martyrdom of Louis Guimond, the first curé at Sainte-Anne in the year 1658, he placed three small stones in the foundation of the first church and was instantaneously cured.

One of the most wonderful arts in America, is the "Last Supper". This last supper is a master piece reproduced from a painting of the Louvre in Paris, this group is so well developed, that it is the admiration of all visitors and is valued very highly.

Also one of the finest groups is "The last moments of the Marquis of Montcalm," he was born in France in the year 1712 and he soon became one of the highest French Generals; he was sent to Québec, and he died gloriously at the battle on the Plains of Abraham, the thirteenth of September, 1759.

Besides those groups mentioned, you see many other marvels of art. The pilgrims or tourists who do not visit this Museum miss a great part on their visit.

**Admission is FREE to each one buying souvenirs for the value of twenty-five cents at the Royal Museum Store or fees fifteen cents.**

*The Museum is OPEN in Winter and Summer from 7 a.m. until 10 p.m.*



## The Start of Our Voyage of Delight

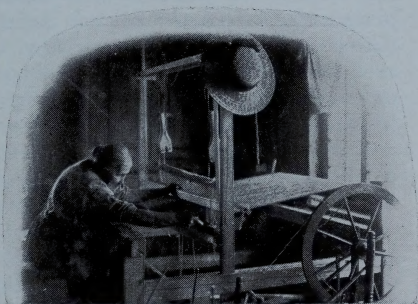
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THE first stage of our wonderful voyage from the heart of the continent to the sea is a journey to the Saguenay and return. A trip that no one visiting Quebec can afford to forego. Leaving Quebec we sail past the Island of Orleans, named by Cartier on account of the infinite number of grapes that grew on its shores—the Isle of Bacchus.

Looking over the island to the northern shore of the river we have a fine view of the lofty summit of Mount Ste-Anne, which rises 2,687 feet above the St. Lawrence and at whose base nestles the village of Ste-Anne de Beaupré, which the most of us will have already visited. Passing the extreme end of the Island of Orleans, we point toward the north shore, Reaux Island is on our right, and just beyond can be seen Grosse Island the quarantine station, where, in the summer of 1847, more than 7,000 immigrants died of cholera and fever. In the farther distance Crane's Island can be dimly seen, its rugged shores seeming to form an integral part of the mainland. On Crane's Island, if time has not completely effaced them, are the ruins of historic Château le Grande, where in the days of old Quebec, a jealous wife, kept her too handsome husband a prisoner hermit until his death, when she herself returned to France and assumed the veil.

Skirting the north shore we have a splendid view of the ruggedness of the scenery of this magnificent river and the mighty Laurentians that fringe the horizon. Beyond it Capes Tourmente,



Weaving Home-Spun—Cap-à-l'Aigle.

Rouge, Gribanne, Millard and Grande Pointe flit by us in rapid succession, and, then at the foot of a mountain 2,640 feet in height, we catch a glimpse of the picturesque little village of St. François-Xavier.

Soon Baie St. Paul our first port of call is reached and we are afforded an opportunity to view the habitant in his native environment. Baie St. Paul, its church steeples conspicuously prominent lies in a hollow between two great promontories at the base of one of which, a mile or so from the village, we dock. In this bay there is splendid salmon fishing.

Under way once more we proceed to Eboulements, passing Isle aux Coudres (the Island of Ravens), especially interesting geologically, from having been separated from the mainland by volcanic action many years ago. The island was further reduced in 1640 by a terrible earthquake that, according to available historical records, overturned mountains and made trees stand on their branches.

Passing Cape St. Joseph, the primitive little hamlet of Notre-Dame and Capes Martin and Goose, with the Eboulements mountains always in view, we make a short call at St. Irénée and some twenty minutes later reach Pointe-au-Pic or Murray Bay, a most exclusive summer resort and a famous rendez-vous for fashion from all over America. Very different from that at our last two ports is the scene at Murray Bay; different perhaps from any scene to be found on this continent. Above us, amid the pines, rises the palatial Manoir Richelieu, beyond to our right in partial seclusion the ancient village typical of French Canadian rural life. The Murray river discharging into the St. Lawrence can be seen from the boat. Murray Bay, just ninety miles from Quebec, commanding a magnificent view of the river St. Lawrence at this point fourteen miles in width, in winter time is a quaint old French Canadian village differing in no important detail from the hundred and one villages of the picturesque old province. But in the summer season when the spinning wheel and the hand loom have been laid aside it is transformed into a meeting place of fashion, patronized by visitors from all over the continent. Here Ex-President Taft has his summer residence and on its fine golf course finds complete abandon in his favourite pastime.

Here also come many other people prominent in all walks of life, their summer villas standing out in strange contrast to the humble homes of the villagers. Murray Bay is indeed the Newport of Canada. Facing the river, high on a precipitous escarpment in a natural grove of stately pine and balsam, stands the Manoir Richelieu, owned and operated by the Canada Steamship Lines, the centre of all social activity in the life of the colony.

Calèche driving is a particularly popular form of diversion, the calèche being a little trap-like equipage introduced from France by the first settlers and now rarely seen outside of Quebec and the French Canadian villages within easy distance of that historic city. Among the interesting drives in the vicinity of Murray Bay are those to Upper Fraser Falls, whose waters drop in two successive leaps 290 feet; to Nairn Falls which are especially fascinating in August when the salmon are running along the coast to Cap-à-l'Aigle where a magnificent view of the river and Pointe-au-Pic can be obtained, as well as the distant Grand-Lac which lies in the hidden recesses of the mountains beyond Ste-Agnès.

Leaving Murray Bay we pass Cap-à-l'Aigle (so named by Champlain on account of the numerous eagles that built their eyries in its topmost heights), stopping on occasion at the quaint little village that rests at its foot and then on to St. Siméon in the Bay of Rocks, obtaining a magnificent view of the rugged coast and those splendid promontories Capes Salmon and Dog. Into the eastern end of this sheltered bay are emptied the waters of Rivière Noire which derives its name from the dark lake which is its source. The lakes behind St. Siméon teem with trout and are becoming more popular with the angler as the years go by. From St. Siméon we proceed to the Saguenay and Tadousac making a wide detour to avoid the shallow waters that cover Larks Reef. At its confluence with the St. Lawrence the Saguenay forms a large oval bay enclosed by mountains that in their grandeur are comparable to the Highlands of Scotland, but are infinitely more rugged. At first glance no river is visible, towering cape and precipitous mountain seeming to forbid the further encroachment of waters. Altogether we count no less than seven great peaks, each rising higher than his fellow. To our left, on



the wide sand beach that separates the river from the mainland proper, we observe a little village, its church redeeming the lonesomeness of the landscape. To our right, at the foot of a great Laurentian giant, lies the village of Tadousac, its church steeple and the windows of its great hotel reflecting back to us the scintillating rays of the dying sun. Historically, Tadousac is one of the richest settlements in Canada. Long before Jacques Cartier anchored in its beautiful protected bay it had been a favored rendez-vous of the Aborigines. How long before Cartier the first white man had come no one can say, but tradition claims that the ancient Iberians were here long before the dawn of the Christian era and that the fierce Vikings also paid it a visit. Following Cartier, came the Basques and Breton fishermen hunting the whale once so profitable an industry.

At the opening of the seventeenth century Tadousac had become an important fur trading station, the Basques having recognized the greater possibilities of the fur business compared with those of whaling and the Indians, too, being only too willing to find a market for the trophies of the chase.

One year before this, in 1599, Pierre de Chauvin, with Pont Gravé Sieur de Monts, as a passenger, landed at Tadousac, and with the intention of establishing a settlement there, constructed on its shores the first real house erected in Canada, after which he returned to France leaving sixteen of his companions behind him as the nucleus of the colony to be. Most of these, however, succumbed to lack of nourishment and exposure, and the balance returned to France convinced of the utter futility of Canadian colonization. Chauvin made two more voyages to Tadousac before he died, and his work was continued by Pont Gravé whose name might never have been mentioned in Canada's history had he not brought to Canada one who was to loom large in Canada's future destinies—Champlain. Pont Gravé and Champlain arrived at Tadousac on May 25th, 1603, being greeted by more than a thousand Indians who swore fidelity to the French, and, in return, were promised protection from their dreaded enemies, the Iroquois. It was in this year that Champlain ascended the Saguenay as far as Lake St. John in search of the kingdom of the Saguenay which, like the Eldorado so vainly sought by De Soto,

turned out to be a mythical creation of the Indian mind given birth solely for the white man's benefit because of its forbidding aspect. The chief cape at Tadousac was named La Pointe-de-Tous-les-Diables (the point of all the devils). In 1615 the Recollet Fathers landed there, their mission constituting the establishment of Christianity in Canada. In 1628 Tadousac was captured and destroyed by Kirke, but this sea rover soon evacuated it and it was rebuilt on more permanent lines. Constructed in 1648, the little chapel still standing, is said to be the oldest place of worship in America. Of course it has undergone frequent alterations, but the main outlines of the building are believed to have been preserved, and the same bell still rings out the Angelus in the eventide, as the villagers stroll toward the church just as they did in the days of New France. One might well believe he had been carried back to the Canada of two centuries ago.

In 1661 Tadousac was visited by the Iroquois and reduced to ashes, the little chapel of the Jesuit Fathers alone being spared evidently from Indian superstition.

From Tadousac, in the summer of 1671, the expedition to reconnoitre Hudson's Bay under Father Albanel went by way of the Saguenay and Lake St. John and were the first Frenchmen to reach this northern sea with the exception of Radisson and Chovart. Eight years later Joliet paused here on his voyage to the same region. Here, also Sir William Phipps, commander of the New England naval expedition sent against Quebec in 1690, lingered for six weeks, and this may have accounted in some measure for his inability to reduce the fortress, for it gave Frontenac ample opportunity to strengthen the none too formidable defences. Under the French regime Tadousac, the entrepot for the fur trade of all Labrador and of a great section of the north, was an important place, and no vessel either coming from or going to Europe failed to make it a port of call. To-day it has been relegated to the position of an inconsequential little hamlet out of touch with the hum of industry of the outside world, and dependent for its existence on inextensive agriculture and its summer colony. There is excellent sea fishing at Tadousac, and in the mountain lakes, a few miles inland, speckled

trout and gamey landlocked salmon are abundant. For the hunter it is almost a virgin region.

We leave Tadousac for Chicoutimi shortly after dark and commence our journey up the Saguenay, in many respects the most wonderful of the world's rivers. Cut through the mountains by glacial action, this awesome river, its waters more than 700 feet in depth, has a solemn grandeur common to no other stream. Its banks towering above the dark waters to a height of 1,600 feet rugged and precipitous, and, for the most part, cliffs of solid granite. In the waning light this canyon through the hills seems to affect one ominously, it were as though a pall had fallen suddenly upon the landscape, enveloping it with a mantle of mourning. Nature's song seems to have been momentarily stayed and these last recollections of a glorious summer day, efface everything in the stillness of night, accentuating even the rhythmic cadence of our engines. The cliffs above loom out of the darkness like the walls of a dungeon from which there can be no escape, and over them dance in the shadows of night spirit wraiths of a seeming supernatural kingdom. It is as if we were entering the winding labyrinth of some subterranean acropolis, the stream itself the river of death, but, in a little while, when our eyes have become accustomed to the change and the heavens are ablaze with a million lights, each seeming to convey a message of hope and assurance the effect is changed, and, where but a moment before we saw cliffs dark and forboding and waters dark like the river of Styx, we see now majestic palisades, gloriously transformed, and a stream of promise pointing to some paradise beyond.

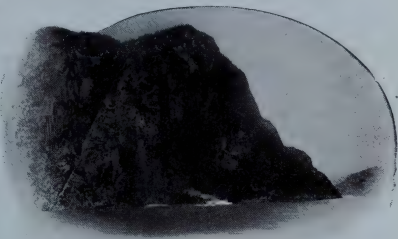
If the fortune of tide be with us, we arrive at the picturesque village of Chicoutimi in daylight and are afforded an opportunity to take a stroll through this hospitable little French Canadian center to inspect its magnificent twin tower cathedral, its public buildings, pulp mills and schools, admire the beautiful horses of the prosperous farmers from the fertile country beyond and from the crown of the hill on which the village is built, obtain a splendid panoramic view of the river, Cape and town of Ste-Anne de Chicoutimi on the opposite shores. We may also view the distant Laurentians and the fertile valley between.

Leaving Chicoutimi, we commence the memorable daylight



voyage down the Saguenay. On our left rise the steep escarpments of granite that run in regular formation from Cape Ste-Anne to Cape St. François. Browned by the action of the elements, they have a ruggedness that accentuates their age. Clinging to their sides, wherever they have been able to obtain a foothold, grow stalwart saplings of silver birch. Crowning their topmost heights, fitting diadems to these Laurentian monarchs, grow magnificent forests of spruce, while at their base lie countless rocks, with here and there a huge boulder rising up in the seeming channel of the river Saguenay itself.

Arrival and departure at Chicoutimi varies with the tide. About an hour's stop is made here after which the steamer makes a start for a daylight trip down the dark and mysterious river. Soon the steamer rounds Cape West and enters Ha! Ha! Bay at the head of which is St. Alphonse, an hour's run from Chicoutimi and the terminus of the new steamers "Saguenay" and "Rochester." We pass a little village at the edge of civilization in the north after St. Alphonse settlement ceases, then as the panorama gradually unfolds itself, the great river continues to grow more solemn and aweinspiring, until the climax is reached at Capes Trinity and Eternity about midway between Chicoutimi and Tadousac. They are on the south side and 1,800 feet in height. They face one another with a small bay intervening. Trinity (see note) is the more westerly of the two, and, while one mountain, it has three elevations, as seen from the Saguenay, hence its name, and as you gaze up its unbroken steepes, it appears as if it might fall over and crush the steamer.



Capes Trinity et Eternity.

NOTE:—On Cape Trinity, in September, 1881, a statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary was placed by Thomas Robitaille in thanksgiving for his recovery from a very severe illness. The statue is 32 feet high and is placed on the highest point of the cape. An indulgence of forty days is granted each pilgrim who makes a special visit to the shrine. He promised the Blessed Virgin that if she cured him he would place her statue in the most prominent place on the mountain. The cost of the statue was \$6,000.

From the capes to Tadousac the scenery is of the grandest possible description. After passing Capes Trinity and Eternity, we sail across the bay to St. John, leave the Island of St. John to our left, pass the Little Saguenay, and then catch a glimpse of the St. Marguerite, famous the world over as the salmon stream of the most exclusive angling club on the continent.

Proceeding downward we pass, in succession, Pointe Crêpe, St. Etienne Bay, Grosse Roche, Anse à Jack, the Pass Pierre Islands and Boulé Rock (a cape of solid granite 600 feet in height), Anse la Barque, where the cliffs begin to lose their great height and before long we are once more at Tadousac. We spend another delightful hour in this historic village. Time is afforded for a casual inspection of the Government Hatchery and then, on our way back to the dock, we may stop for a moment to admire the magnificent silver beauties, those kings of the fish family, the Salmon, as they disport themselves in the peaceful waters of the pool with an abandon that suggests entire obliviousness to their state of temporary internment as the prisoners of man.

Under way once more we skirt again the rugged shores of Canada's Father of waters and before long have reached Murray Bay and have left behind us the dark, deep, mysterious river, that although it did not fulfill the wild dreams of the early pioneers as the short road to the mythical Kingdom of Cathay, to us, at least, will constitute a beautiful highway to the Kingdom of Yesterday, that we will frequently retrace with pleasant memories and no weariness of footsteps.

Bake Oven  
at Tadousac



# Hotel Régina

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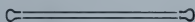


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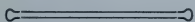
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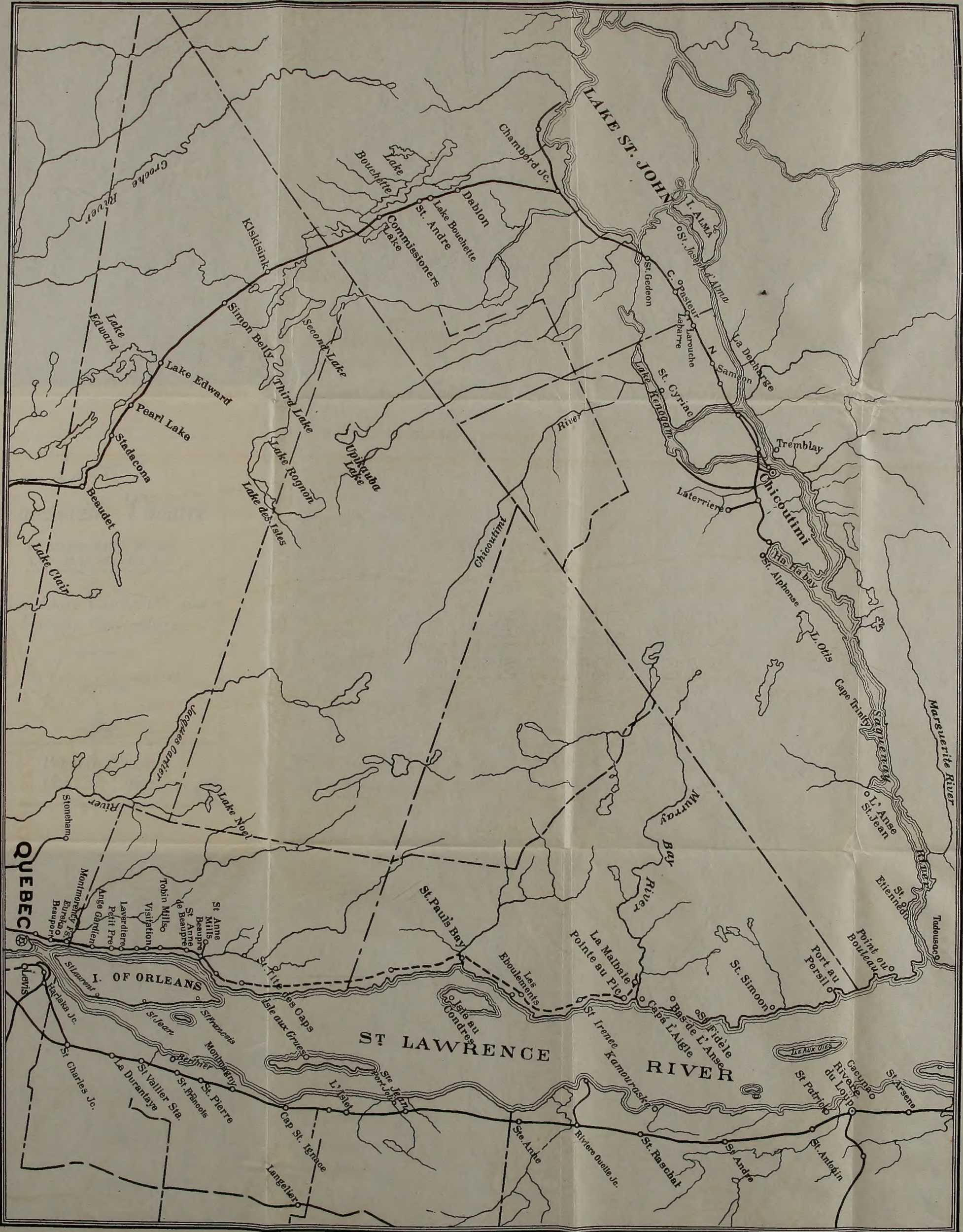
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